My Play
is Study.

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MY PLAY IS STUDY:

A Book for Children.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN,
BY L. LERMONT.

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

To adapt this little work to the taste of American children, I have felt it to be my duty to vary in some respects from the original, but I have by no means lost sight of the title "Mein Spielen ist Lernen."

In my profession as a teacher of my native language, I have had sufficient opportunity to convince myself that a book interesting to German children, may not always be so to Americans. For there is a great difference in their way of thinking, arising from the difference of their education. Whilst we in Germany are reminded continually "to render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," the American is taught not to compromise the dignity of a free born citizen, by giving to Cæsar what is God's.

HOW PLAY MAY BE MADE USEFUL.

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GERARD had his kite in the air. William, his youngest brother, for his amusement, blew soap bubbles. Sophia, their sister, watched the bubbles with great delight, when Amelia, their playmate, came behind, unobserved, and caught the bubble-blower by the arm.

"Have I taken you by surprise, learned sir?" said she. "I should hardly think that the stupid pastime of blowing soap bubbles was proper for a boy of your age."

"Do you know Æsop's favourite proverb?" asked William with a quiet smile, while he allowed the bubble to drop from his straw.

"No; Pray, what is it?"

"The bow that is always bent loses its elasticity and becomes weak."

"I am none the wiser, for I know very little of Æsop, or his favourite proverbs, or fables."

"I will be glad to enlighten you, if you have the patience to listen."

"Willingly," said the laughing girl, "for I am really curious to know how you will make Æsop's proverb excuse you for your waste of time in such a childish amusement."

"Your curiosity shall be satisfied," said William laughing, as he placed himself in the attitude of a Professor. "This Æsop was a very small and insignificant looking man, but he was so witty and full of penetration, that he not only attracted the attention of the learned, but his pungent sayings soon became the proverbs of all Greece, and the neighbouring countries. One day as he was playing at marbles with the children in the street, he observed an old man laughing at him for his childish behaviour. He ran to his house, and soon returned with a full bent bow in his hand, to intimate that the mind, as well as the bow, if always bent will lose its power, and that it is duty of the Philosopher to relieve his mind, as the sportsman relieves his bow."

"Truly, William, you plead your cause so well, that one would take you for a great lawyer. And if your wise Æsop found recreation in marbles, I cannot blame you for amusing yourself with soap bubbles, after school hours."

"And when I become as wise as Æsop," replied William, "I may exchange the 'stupid pastime of blowing bubbles,' for the more dignified game of marbles. I often think of Alphen's nursery rhymes."

"My play is study, and my study play," quoted Amelia. "Why should learning be toil? Is that what you wish to say?"

"At any rate, my *play* is *study*, whether my study is play, or not."

"Really, I should like to know how you can learn anything from blowing soap bubbles."

"Why not? Many a useful discovery has been made by paying attention to simple things."

"I have often heard my father make the same remark; nevertheless, I cannot see what philosophy there is in a soap bubble."

"Shall I commence," said William, with assumed earnestness, "with natural or moral philosophy. Notice the variety of colours—"

"Spare me your variety of colours," said Amelia, interrupting him, "for natural philosophy is a science we girls never aspire to understand. Please commence with moral philosophy. I may have less trouble in understanding you."

William took his straw and blew a bubble of moderate size into the air, which was soon followed by one as large as his head.

"And pray what moral can be drawn from these two disproportioned bubbles?"

"A very great one," answered William. "See how the small one winds its way in its upward flight, uninterruptedly, whilst the least breath of air has annihilated the larger one."

"But what is the application of this?" said she, earnestly.

"That is very simple indeed, and you will be able to comprehend it easily enough. The large bubble which burst so soon resembles the man who has risen by the caprice of the king or the people, and who by the least accident or change of opinion is thrown from his height to be trodden under foot in the dust of neglect and disgrace, whilst the humble citizen and labourer continue their peaceful course like the

smaller bubble, unaffected by state policy or court favor. From this I draw the inference that it is folly to strive for high offices, unless called there for the public good, and that the peace enjoyed in humble life is unattainable in the palaces of the great."

"Is this original?" asked Amelia, slyly.

"Original or not, the moral remains the same. But did you observe what direction the bubbles took?"

"As the wind is from the west, it was quite natural for the bubbles to go eastward."

"Very natural indeed, for a soap bubble," replied William thoughtfully. "But are there no human beings who resemble this soap bubble? How many allow themselves to be guided blindly, and without resistance, by things from without, and make no use of the talents entrusted to them by their Heavenly Father, as if they were not to answer themselves for their actions in this life. See the brute creation how grateful they are for their talents. See how faithfully they use their instinct, that was given to them for a guide."

"These ideas are quite new to me," said Amelia, 'but I am sure that there are none among my friends who can be compared to a soap bubble. But I did not think that so many good things could

be learned from your soap bubbles, and I shall never call them stupid again, if you will forgive me this time," and with a low bow she seized Sophia by the arm, who had been a silent but interested listener, and ran towards Gerard, who was still amusing himself with his kite.

"It is a great pity, Gerard, you were not near enough to listen to your brother. He is quite a philosopher. You would hardly guess what great moral lessons he drew from his soap bubbles. I wonder how you would acquit yourself in giving us a lecture on your kite, which is now floating so high above our heads."

"Oh! yes," said Sophia, "we have enjoyed William's explanations so much, that I quite long to hear you."

"I can hardly refuse a request of two ladies so amiable and polite as you," said Gerard, with a profound bow, "but you will please to remember that I am not prepared for such a task as to deliver a lecture from my paper kite, and you will therefore excuse any imperfections or deficiencies in my humble effort."

"Begin," said Amelia. "We are not capable of criticism."

"As for me," said Sophia, "I shall be as quiet as a mouse, nor do I think my brother need fear criticism for his judgment."

"Pray don't flatter me, for that will only confuse me. I shall endeavor to show myself worthy of your partiality."

"Well said," cried William, who by this time had joined the group; "but I fear that you will be prevented from so doing, for I think the dinner bell will ring before you are half through with your compliments."

"Very true, William," said Gerard, "and therefore I shall commence at once. It is the pressure of the air that causes my kite to rise. When there is no wind, she will not rise, no matter how much string I may give her; and if thrown up, would fall down directly. So it is with men. The pressure of adversity is often both necessary and useful, in order to develope their energies and to spur them on to new discoveries, in order to supply their wants. Adversity teaches them to think and to act."

"Bravo!" exclaimed William. "I subscribe most heartily to your philosophy of the kite."

"If it is very stormy," continued Gerard, "the paper is torn and down comes the kite, or if the string is weak it will snap, and away goes the kite wherever the wind pleases. This teaches me that too severe trials and misfortunes may become as injurious and destructive to man as the storm to my kite. And as a kite cannot resist the storm unless covered with canvass and secured by a strong cord, neither can man overcome adverse fortune, unless held by the anchor of hope and sustained by perfect confidence in the Preserver of all things."

"How wonderful!" interrupted Amelia.

"Nor is this all that can be said. A moderate wind will raise my kite slowly without danger, whereas a strong wind will bear her swiftly, but with less safety. From this we may learn that moderation in all our undertakings is the surest path to success."

"That is true," added Sophia. "It is never good to be in too great haste.. I experienced that a few weeks ago while on a visit to my aunt in the country. I ran hastily into the garden to fetch my needle-

work which I had left there, to show to a lady who had just called to see my aunt, when my foot caught in the root of a tree, down I came on my forehead, and I returned to the house with a broken nose instead of my needle-work. But continue, Gerard, if you have anything more to say about your kite."

"If the tail of the kite is too light, it flutters and pitches in all directions, and if it is too heavy, it prevents the kite from rising. The first reminds me of a thoughtless man, who undertakes a weighty matter, without considering the cost, and all his projects remain unaccomplished, whilst the latter reminds me of a man who undertakes a burden greater than his shoulders can carry, and finds himself crushed beneath the weight of his own imprudence. And that illustrates: 'the golden mean is always to be chosen.'"

"Bravo," said William. "Consider well before you commence any thing. But we must not forget the proverb, 'Nothing venture, nothing win.'"

"Moreover," continued Gerard, "as my kite alternately sinks and rises until she has attained a certain height, so man in his pilgrimage on earth has to

battle with joy and sorrow until he reaches the land of rest, where tears and sorrows are unknown."

"Now I see," said Amelia, "that you, as well as William, can truly say that to play is to study, and I am only surprised that these plain truths and useful lessons have never been explained to me before."

"And I am proud," added Sophia, "of my two brothers."

"I fear, dear sister, you will spoil me by your flattery. But there goes the dinner bell, and as our recreation has sharpened our appetites, I shall be happy to follow you to the dining-room."

THE YOUNG GARDENERS

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One day during the holidays, Amelia called to see her young friends. She found them busily working in the garden, as if they had a taskmaster with his whip behind them. William stood with his spade, digging among the flower-beds, while Gerard was wheeling gravel. Sophia was amusing herself by chasing butterflies from flower to flower, with her curls flying in the air, regardless of the harm she was doing with her little feet, and of the pain she was causing with her mischievous hands. After a lively greeting, Amelia seized one of the spades near her, intimating her inclination to assist.

"Can any poor industrious female find employment in your establishment, master gardener?" asked she, in a sportive manner.

"I would much rather have you for my overseer,"

said Gerard. "Pray, what wages do you expect for your services?"

"The privilege of hearing another lecture and illustration of the manner in which play may be made instructive, and the pleasure of having the company of one so industrious and well informed."

"If you are satisfied with such poor pay, I certainly shall not decline your generous offer," replied Gerard.

"I am very fond of roses and gilly-flowers," said Amelia. "I wish you would inform me how they are raised to the best advantage."

"To propagate roses, I make use of shoots from the old bush, and plant them in good garden soil, or I place them in pots, keeping the earth sufficiently moist, and in a shady place, in order that they may take root. In this way common roses can be raised without much trouble. If you wish to have moss roses, monthly roses, or any other of the finer sort, from the shoots, they must be placed in a hot-house, in pots, covered with porous manure and sawdust, to the depth of a foot. For the first few days they should be protected, so that the tender plants be not withered by the heat. Mats will answer for this purpose.

If this is properly attended to, they will take root in a few days. You may then take them and the earth out of the pot, and transplant them into larger ones. This is done by inverting the flower pot in your hand, keeping the plant between your fingers, to protect the tender sprout from injury. By this method, we generally have roses the same summer."

"This seems to be very easy, indeed," said Amelia, "and as the expense does not appear to be great, I shall ask father to allow me to cultivate my own roses, and gratify my passion for flowers by my own skill."

"Indeed you may raise all sorts of flowers in the same way, or by putting the seed in vessels filled with good garden earth, keeping them in a shady place. But then you must not expect flowers before the second or third year."

"I am really very grateful for this useful and pleasant lesson; but, pray, did you gain all this knowledge at the Latin school?" said she, slyly.

"Not exactly; but I have learned there, that inquiry and attention are the only means of gaining useful knowledge. What I have told you, I have

learned partly by conversing with our gardener, and by watching him when at work."

"Well, if one can gain so much simply by listening attentively and by close observation, I shall be very careful not to lose any opportunity for instruction. Indeed I have already convinced myself that your gardening is as beneficial to your mind as to your body, and that your play is really study."

"What think you of my digging, Amelia?" asked William, leaning upon his spade, and wiping the perspiration from his face.

"I have no doubt of its being a very healthy employment, but I think it must be very laborious."

"True, but it is very honourable," answered he.

"Honourable!" exclaimed the maiden in surprise. "Explain that, if you please."

"You must know that among the ancient Romans, agriculture was held in such high esteem, that they took their second king, Numa, from behind the plough; and long afterwards, their greatest heroes, when they had returned from battle crowned with victory, exchanged the sword for the plough."

"That may have done very well for the Romans, but what do the nobles in our day think of agricul-

ture, and how would they receive a farmer for their king? I should think a peasant upon the throne would look almost as strange as Faustin I. in his marble palace."

"There is no doubt," said William, "that agriculture is not considered so honorable as it was among the Romans, but I am happy to see the change which has already taken place. Agricultural societies have been formed and patronized by men of great learning and high standing. It is now becoming an object of interest as well as study, to elevate agriculture in the estimation of the public, and instead of investing all their money in commerce, men find it more profitable to lay it out in land. Indeed such was the case with my father, and many of our friends. But have you ever enjoyed the sight of a field of wheat or barley waving in the sun on a beautiful summer's day?"

"I must confess, William, I have not; but I would like to see one very much, if I had a chance."

"As we shall have a late dinner to-day, and the weather being fine, I shall be most happy to show you one of our fields immediately, if you would like to accompany me."

"Gladly, if Gerard and Sophia will join us?"

Without making any reply, they simultaneously threw down their spades, took up their hats, and were soon seen standing among the grain, apparently listening to the alternate remarks of our young philosophers.

THE TRIAL OF SOPHIA'S DOLL.

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"How shall we amuse ourselves to-day?" asked Amelia. "It is certainly too warm to run about much. Can't you think of some quiet game?"

"I have it," said Gerard, after a few minutes reflection. "Have you never heard of old Mrs. W., and her cruel daughter, who attempted to kill her mother by starvation?"

"Yes," answered Amelia. "It is a sad story; but what can that have to do with our play?"

"What would you think if we were to form ourselves into a court of justice, and try this unnatural daughter?"

"That is a grand idea," said William.

"Yes," cried both girls. "She shall have no mercy from our hands. But how shall we begin?"

'Let William be the judge." said Gerard.

"Oh, no! indeed," exclaimed William. "You are the oldest; you ought to be judge, and I will take the part of prosecuting attorney. Amelia may act as counsel for the defence."

"I do not like to spoil play," observed Amelia; but I wish you could assign to me some other part than that of counsel for the prisoner, for I should never be able to say a word in favor of such a monster."

"Well, you may take my place as judge, and I will try to discharge your unpleasant duty; for the law requires that an advocate should be allowed to all criminals."

Amelia was very glad to be relieved from the difficult task which was first assigned her, for really it would have been very unpleasant to say any thing which would have made the perpetrator of such an enormous crime appear less guilty.

"Surely, you are not going to make me play the part of the prisoner," cried Sophia, indignantly, when she saw that the other three had their places assigned to them."

"Oh, no! sister," said Gerard; "you shall be

clerk, if you will allow us to take your doll for the criminal."

"Bravo!" was the general exclamation, as they pounced upon the doll, with as much earnestness as if they were fearful that she might escape them.

Now that all things were satisfactorily arranged, the little court, consisting of four persons and the doll, opened. The doll, surrounded by branches of a tree to represent the criminal's box, was placed upon a large stone, Amelia, as judge, took her seat on a bench under a tree; near her sat Sophia. William placed himself at a little distance to their right, and Gerard, the prosecuting attorney, stood opposite to him.

The counsel for the prosecution, making a low bow to the court, opened his case with the following speech:

"Although the poor old woman who has been so shamefully abused by her unnatural daughter, (pointing at the doll,) is not present to accuse her of her crimes, and I firmly believe she, as a mother, does not wish to appear against her own child in open court, knowing what must be the consequence of a conviction, nevertheless I find it my duty to do my

utmost that such a great crime shall not go unpunished. It is a crime," continued William, with warmth, "at which humanity shudders. A daughter —an only child—wilfully imprisoning her own mother, a poor, aged, and bed-ridden widow, with the intent that she should perish by starvation! And though Providence frustrated her wicked design, she is still guilty, and deserves punishment. Nor does it appear that she had any reason to complain that her mother ever neglected her duty as a parent. Having been left a widow fifteen years ago, she supported herself and her daughter, who was then a mere child, by her own industry as a laundress. A severe cold which she took last winter while washing in the open air on a very cold day, threw her on a bed of sickness, from which she has never been able to rise. An attack of rheumatism has deprived her of the use of both hands and feet, and she was as helpless as an infant at the time her daughter perpetrated the crime.

"No sooner did this wretched girl observe the helplessness of her mother, than she began to treat her so inhumanly, that the neighbours saw proper to inform their village pastor, that he might remonstrate with

her. So, accordingly, he called upon her, in hopes of opening her eyes to a sense of her duty, but so far from ameliorating the condition of her mother, it only infuriated this monster, and filled her wicked heart with a thirst for revenge, and this horrible attempt upon the life of her poor mother was the fruit of the well-meant reproof of the pious man. As soon as the parson had left the house, she seized her cloak and bonnet, and turning to the bed with the fury of a tiger, "Mother," she exclaimed, "your lying tongue has done me much mischief, but I will show you how I can silence it forever." Without heeding her mother's beseeching looks, she left the house, slamming the door behind her, put the key in her pocket, and started for the city. Four days after this event, the pastor, wishing to hear from the old woman, what effect his remonstrance had produced, called at the house, but found the door locked. This appeared to him so unusual an occurrence, that he was induced to look in through the window. To his horror he saw the wretched invalid lying upon the floor at the foot of her bed, in a most pitiable condition. Knowing her helplessness, he called the neighbours to his assistance. The door was broken

open, and they found the poor widow stiff with cold, and life almost extinct. By the unwearied exertions of the humane neighbours, they at last succeeded in restoring her to life.

"The first evening after the departure of her daughter, the poor woman anxiously looked for her return, and so far from suspecting the wicked design, she was sure some evil had befallen her on the way. But when the morning came and no daughter had returned, her threatening words, "I will show you how I can silence your tongue forever," and the infuriated look which accompanied them, brought before her the fearful reality that her child had condemned her to the horrible death of starvation — The accused staid away six whole days, not doubting that her mother would be dead by that time, which would certainly have been the case, had the parson not called during her absence. I now think that what I have stated, all of which can be proved by several unimpeachable witnesses, will justify you in finding her guilty of the crime of matricide."

Gerard, as counsel for the prisoner, now arose and began his defence:

"May it please your Honor, I think I can prove

the innocence of my client, without much difficulty. Indeed, that a daughter, an only daughter, should wilfully premeditate the destruction of her own mother, and such a mother, by the excruciating death of starvation, is a crime too monstrous for any rational being to believe. As for the words which my learned brother has quoted to prove her guilt, they only prove to me her innocence. I deny that there was any threatening meaning in the expression of her determination to silence her in future. It was not by ill treatment, but by a change of conduct towards her mother, that she hoped to effect it, for the words of the good clergyman had so affected her, that she had resolved to reform, and started immediately for the city to procure the necessary comforts for her mother. Her mother's first anxiety was not without cause. She was taken ill on the way, and was confined at a friend's house, in the city, for six days. Far from forgetting her mother, she sent a man to the village to inform one of her neighbours of the circumstance, and beseeching her to take care of her mother till her return. If that man has neglected his duty, the guilt lies at his door, and not at that of my client. Unfortu

nately, her messenger was a stranger, or we should certainly bring him before a court of justice. I hope what I have said will clear the prisoner from this awful charge, and throw the expenses where they properly belong, upon the prosecution."

"It is not to be denied," said William, in reply, "that from the words, 'I will show you how I can silence your tongue forever,' little could be proved, if they were not supported by the irreverent words, 'your lying tongue,' and by her previous cruel treatment, almost as culpable as the offence for which she now appears before you. Can you believe that a message, upon which the life of a mother depended, would have been entrusted by a daughter, so lately brought to repentance, to an entire stranger, whose whereabouts is known to nobody? Moreover, there are witnesses enough to prove that during her absence she was seen a number of times in the city, walking with her friends. Nor can she prove that she had any medical aid during her six days absence. Having thus clearly exposed the weakness of the only defence which my learned brother could offer, I call for the conviction of the prisoner, without any further delay."

As Gerard did not attempt to say any more in favor of his client, it was now for the judge to pronounce sentence.

Amelia, after whispering a few words to Sophia, arose, and addressed the counsellors in the following words:

"Gentlemen, I confess that I am not capable of acting as the judge in this weighty matter. I therefore beg that you will permit me to resign my office, and allow me to return to my proper sphere. But if you wish to know my opinion as a girl, I must say that one who has acted so cruelly towards a mother, deserves no longer to see the light of the sun. And I am sure that every affectionate daughter will coincide with my opinion."

"Bravo!" cried Gerard. "I give you credit for your ingenuity. I had no idea you would contrive so well to escape from the responsibility of your office, as a judge, and I really wondered how you would manage to get out of it."

"And I," said Amelia, "was astonished to see how well both of you played your parts."

"Your wonder will cease," answered Gerard, laughing, "when I tell you that it was a mere repe

tition of what we read in the newspapers at the actual trial of this horrible case, at our county court; for you know that our play was founded upon fact."

"Nevertheless, your merit remains the same, for having comprehended and remembered it so well, that you have been able to repeat it here with so much spirit and effect, as to make one believe it was original."

"Let us not waste our time," said William, "with such idle compliments, for they can only serve to make one conceited, instead of inciting to good deeds. Beside, the game is not ended. We have not determined what punishment the criminal shall receive, as the judge has so cunningly deserted us."

"That shall not detain us very long," cried William. "I will show you how to despatch a criminal of so black a dye." He then seized the doll, placed her before the mouth of a cannon which lay in the garden near them, and cried out, "Take care! I am going to shoot her."

Amelia not liking this proceeding, cried "Stop, stop! William, I think as the doll belongs to Sophia, she ought to have a word in the matter."

"Good, again!" exclaimed Gerard. "Really, your

ingenuity is unbounded. If your sex disqualifies you for being a judge, I am sure your intellect does not."

"I thought that we were not going to have any more compliments," said Sophia. "If I have to decide the punishment of this wicked girl, I should say that we will imprison her here for her natural life, as it is our duty to see that she shall not outrage humanity again, and we will leave the sentence of condemnation, when she is called hence to answer for the deeds done in the body, before the Judge of all mankind."

"Had compliments not been prohibited," said William, "I certainly should have passed one upon you for allowing your prisoner time to repent and wash away her crime with tears of sorrow and remorse, instead of condemning her to the gallows. And you may be sure that her mother's blessing will rest upon you for your humanity."

THE SHIP LAUNCH.

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Early one beautiful morning, the last day of the summer vacation, Amelia and Sophia were sitting in the garden, in the shade of an old chestnut tree, consoling one another with the promise that they would often write (for Amelia was to return next morning to her school, several miles off,) and keep a faithful diary for their mutual exchange. Their hands were employed with their needles, finishing some elegant collars, which the two friends intended to present to one another, as a remembrance of the happy hours they had spent together, and as tokens of their pure friendship, when the merry voices of Gerard and William caught their ears.

"Good morning, ladies," cried the boys, taking off their hats and bowing respectfully as they approached. "You have chosen a very fine morning

for your grave conversation, ladies," added Gerard, but we ought to apologize for having so unceremoniously interrupted you."

"Unnecessary apologies are first cousins to flattering compliments," said Amelia good humouredly, making a slight bow as an acknowledgment that she was pleased to see them. "But pray, gentlemen, if you really feel the charm of this lovely morning, why have you wasted the best part of it in your beds?"

"How can you be guilty of so unjust a suspicion?" exclaimed Gerard, we know too well the homely proverb, 'The early bird catches the worm.' Indeed we were up before Apollo had taken his horses from the stable."

"Remember," said Amelia with a smile, "that early rising would bring no good to the bird if he were not industrious. What good have you done this morning by your early rising. From your allusion to Apollo I should say that you have been busy with your Latin, to make up for lost time. Just like school boys, wasting their whole vacation in idleness, and then at the last moment preparing their

exercises with as much haste as if they could travel to knowledge by steam."

"You are very satirical, to day, Amelia," said William, "and you seem inclined to read us a lecture. If you but knew what good news we have brought, I guess you would change your text."

"Pray, let us hear what bribe you have brought me."

"I am requested to invite you to see a sight which I am sure you have never had the opportunity of seeing before. Nothing less than the launch of a whale ship."

"Oh! delightful!" exclaimed Amelia; "I confess that your bribe is irresistible. But are you in earnest, William."

"If you doubt me, here is my brother. Ask him."

"Here is the invitation card," said Gerard, taking an embossed card from his pocket book, upon which the names of the two ladies were written.

"But surely it must be far from here. I do not recollect any sea-port town very near us, and I should not be willing to go a great way without my father's consent"

"Oh, it is all a trick," cried Sophia; "do not believe them, Amelia. We are a very long way off from the sea, and the only river in our neighbourhood is the stream that drives the mill, and which is so shallow, that a boy may wade across it. I think that the smallest boat would run aground in it."

"If the ladies will do us the honour to accompany us," said Gerard, appearing to be angry at having his word doubted, "your eyes shall bear testimony to our assertion. You shall not only see the launch of the ship, but behold her perfectly equipped for service."

"Let us venture it, Sophia," said Amelia, "I have no doubt there is a trick in it. But if it gives the gentlemen pleasure, we shall not spoil the fun."

"Pray, what preparation do you wish us to make for this grand sight, must we order the carriage, or can we walk the distance, and what dress would be suitable to such an august occasion."

"We are living in the country," said William; "People do not think it necessary to dress, in order to please the eyes of their neighbours, and therefore you need not spend much time upon your toilet."

They now walked to the house; the girls put on

their bonnets, and the boys busied themselves in packing up the several little things they thought they would require, not forgetting their fishing tackle. as it might be another means of affording some pleasure to the girls, in case the launch should fail to meet their expectations. In a few minutes, they were all ready. Gerard and William politely offered their arms to their companions, and the whole party took their way towards the mill stream.

As the girls had made up their minds that it was all a hoax, they had little to say on the road, though they were straining their eyes all the time, as if they really expected to see something wonderful in the distance, or at least something that would repay them for their long walk.

After they had been walking quietly for some time, Amelia broke the silence, by saying: "If we could but follow this stream in its winding course to the end of its journey, I am sure we should see ships, both in the water and in the ship-yards."

At this minute, something beneath their feet arrested their attention, and Gerard, who had led the way, threw down his fishing rod as a signal that they were in the dock-yard.

"If this is your whale ship," cried Sophia, pointing to the little object which was propped up by sticks, and ready to slide into the water, "I should not like to be one of the crew, if I wished to escape the fate of Jonah. I think there is little danger of the market being overstocked with oil, if there are no larger vessels built for the purpose."

"True," said William, "but you must not forget that there are whaling ships, and also models of ships, and this is but a small model, sister.'

"Oh, a whaler in miniature! I understand you, but will model ships float, said Amelia.

"Certainly," answered Gerard, and in a very few minutes you will see her glide into the water as if by instinct."

He now removed a few of the props, and as the sloping plank upon which the little ship rested, was well greased, she slid down with as much ease, as if drawn by magic, and rested on the water so swan-like, that the girls simultaneously waved their white handkerchiefs in the air to express their admiration.

But soon the spirit of mischief returned, and Amelia asked ironically; "But are whalers ever sent out

without masts or sails. Or does it require a microscope to see them?"

"Now I know indeed that this is the first ship launch you have ever seen, or you would have known that the masts and rigging are never put on until the ship is afloat."

William now took off his shoes and stockings, waded into the water, fastened a cord to the vessel and towed her ashore, to rig her. As the masts, ropes, and sails were prepared beforehand, it did not take them very long to equip her, and no one who saw her, could have accused the boys of a want of ingenuity.

After they had amused themselves a long time by towing the boat up and down the stream, Amelia said, "as the wind does not seem to be favourable for you to go to sea to day, and as this towing seems to be a profitless job, let us sit down, and tell me how it happens, that you who are destined to be lawyers, are spending your time in building ships. Are you going to follow the example of Peter the Great?"

"Not by any means," replied Gerard, "this play of ship building does not interfere at all with our

studies, and you know my motto is, 'my play is study.'"

"Speaking of your favourite motto, Mr. Philosopher, I would like to see how you could apply it to the sport of to-day, and why you have chosen ship building for your amusement."

"If we look," said Gerard, "to the many advantages which mankind have derived from the art of navigation, I should not be at a loss for arguments to vindicate my choice. But do you know anything of the origin of sailing vessels, or what first suggested to man the employment of sails as a means of navigation?"

"I confess my ignorance as usual," replied Amelia, "as I have lived in the country all my life, and have seen but little of ships, the philosophy of sailing has never entered my head, but I shall be happy to become a pupil, and learn from one who is so competent to instruct."

"Man," said Gerard with a low bow, as an acknowledgement of the compliment, "has learned the use of sails from the little Nautilus that always sails with the wind, by spreading his fin above him to catch the breeze."

"How singular that we should be indebted for so useful a discovery to a little creature that we are apt to look upon as useless. If men were not too wise in their own conceit, how many useful lessons they might learn from nature."

"Indeed" said William, "we have borrowed a great many things, but our conceit leads us to attribute our discoveries to some supernatural agency, or to things that are not, instead of placing the merit where it is due. The very form of the ship has been borrowed from fishes and swimming birds."

"Really," said Amelia, "if we were to examine all wonderful things through your glass, how many of our child-like delusions would vanish."

"As for our commerce, need I say how much its growth and success depends upon ship building, and how closely our comfort and happiness are thereby connected with it. Not only do we obtain the natural productions of different parts of the earth, by means of ships, but also the productions of their skill and ingenuity. Here too the pride of civilized nations might be somewhat abated, if they would but examine the very clothing they wear. See, that parasol which you find so necessary to protect you from

the sun. Not merely have you to thank the barba rians of China, for its shape and existence, but you know that the handle, which you have so much admired for its beauty and ingenuity has been brought to you from Canton by your uncle. And your Cashmere shawl, you know where that came from, and how superior it is to any thing of which Europeans can boast. You remember the delight which your Chinese puzzles and vases afforded us, all of which are the work of those whom we call barbarians. But let us return to our subject, and dwell upon the wealth that is yearly amassed by shipping. Not merely do your uncle and my father owe their elegant mansions and grounds to the gains of commerce, but the great rows of warehouses which you saw in your last visit to the city, owe their origin to the same cause. See how many sailors and families are supported by it. While speaking about sailors, I am reminded of another idea. If our sailors, who by commerce are brought into contact with these barbarous tribes, were moral and God-fearing men, what efficient missionaries would they become, but alas! it is not so. Indeed our sailors, when in these barbarous ports, often bring shame

upon their native land, by their rioting and drunkenness. Let me repeat to you an anecdote which I heard from the pulpit a short time ago. As one of our merchantmen was lying in the port of Smyrna, a part of her crew became intoxicated, and marched through the city, filling the streets with profanity and rioting. A venerable Mahometan, with a long flowing beard, arrested their progress by asking, "if they were not Christians?" They replied with an oath that they were. Then replied the old man "if you set any value on your bodies or souls, let me advise you to embrace the doctrine of Mahomet, for that would teach you that the first step to religion is sobriety and decency." This anecdote affected me sadly, and I have resolved to do my utmost in future for the good of these sailors, who by their laborious and dangerous life, and the great service they render the community at large, have a double claim upon us."

"I am glad to hear you speak so feelingly in behalf of these poor men, for they certainly have hitherto been too much neglected," said Amelia.

"Nor have I shown all the service which naviga tion has rendered to mankind. It has been of the greatest use to Astronomy. What new light it has

thrown upon the problems which perplexed the wisest philosophers of ancient times."

"Indeed, William, what you say is true," added Amelia, "I often think how these venerable sages would have stared, if any one had told them that a ship could sail around the earth, and come home without turning, and that neither the sun nor the stars revolve around the earth, but it is the earth revolving on its own axis, that brings about the change from day to night, and from night to day."

At this moment their interesting conversation was interrupted by Sophia crying "help! help! a whale, a whale," for she, becoming tired of their discourse, which was somewhat beyond her depth, had thrown her brother's fishing line into the water. A careless fish, not suspecting any evil, was to his cost tempted to nibble at the bait, and when he found himself caught would have escaped, had his own haste not entangled the line in a part of the little angler's dress. They all ran hastily to release the terrified girl, and when they had landed their prize in safety, they could not help laughing at the simple remark of the child. "How singular that I should have laughed

about Jonah, and I myself have nearly shared his fate, though I never set foot upon a ship."

"Now here is a cargo of fish for your ship at once," said Amelia, "though you have not ventured out of sight of land. William, will not this incident furnish you with a subject for one of your interesting and instructive lectures."

"As my brother did not say a word about the fishing trade, "answered William, "I think it will."

"By its means hundreds and thousands of families are supported. See how many men are employed in the herring and cod fishery. And how many large vessels are fitted out annually for the whale fishery. which from the many uses to which whale oil is applied, has almost become an indispensable to civilized countries."

"Are whales caught in the same way that I have caught mine, and do big fish ever attempt to run away with the angles as mine did?" asked Sophia, still trembling from her late fright.

"You have just touched upon a subject that would furnish matter of interest to heads older than ours. Not merely do the sailors often lose their lives in the whale fishery, and have their little boats destroyed

by the infuriated whale, but there are instances on record of large ships having been attacked, and actually sunk. As you seem to be interested in the matter, I will read to you a few paragraphs, which I have copied lately from one of our papers."

"The ship Ann Alexander, Capt. S. Deblois, sailed from New Bedford, Masschusetts, June 1st, 1850, for a cruise in the South Pacific for sperm whale.

"On the 20th of August last, she reached what is well known to all whalers as the 'Off-Shore Ground,' in latitude 5 degrees 50 minutes south, longitude 102 degrees west. In the morning of that day, at about 9 o'clock. whales were discovered in the neighbourhood, and about noon the same day, they succeeded in making fast to one. Two boats had gone after the whales—the larboard and starboard, the former commanded by the first mate, and the latter by Captain Deblois. The whale which they had struck, was harpooned by the larboard boat. After running some time, the whale turned upon the boat, and rushing at it with tremendous violence, lifted open its enormous jaws, and taking the boat in, actually crushed it into fragments as small as a common-sized chair! Captain Deblois immediately pulled for the scene of

the disaster with the starboard boat, and succeeded against all expectations, in rescuing the whole of the crew of the boat—nine in number!"

"There were now eighteen men in the starboard boat, consisting of the captain, the first mate, and the crews of both boats. The frightful disaster had been witnessed from the ship, and the waist-boat was called into readiness and sent to their relief. The distance from the ship was about six miles. As soon as the waist-boat arrived, the crews were divided, and it was determined to pursue the same whale, and make another attack upon him. Accordingly they separated, and proceeded at some distance from each other, as is usual on such occasions, after the whale. In a short time they came up to him, and prepared to give him battle. The waist-boat, commanded by the first mate, was in advance. As soon as the whale perceived the demonstration being made upon him, he turned his course, suddenly, and making a tremendous dash at this boat, seized it with his wide-spread jaws, and crushed it into atoms, allowing the men barely time to escape his vengeance, by throwing themselves into the ocean.

"Captain Deblois, again seeing the perilious condi-

tion of his men, at the risk of meeting the same fate, directed his boat to hasten to their rescue, and in a short time succeeded in saving them all from a death little less horrible than that from which they had twice so narrowly escaped. He then ordered the boat to put for the ship as speedily as possible; and no sooner had the order been given than they discovered the monster of the deep making toward them with his jaws widely extended. Fortunately the monster came up and passed them at a short distance. The boat then made her way to the ship and they all got on board in safety.

"After reaching the ship, a boat was despatched for the oars of the demolished boats, and it was determined to pursue the whale with the ship. As soon as the boat returned with the oars, sail was set, and the ship proceeded after the whale. In a short time she overtook him and a lance was thrown into his head. The ship passed on by him, and immediately after they discovered that the whale was making for the ship. As he came up near her, they hauled to the wind, and suffered the monster to pass her. After he had fairly passed they kept off to overtake and attack him again. When the ship had reached

within about fifty rods of him, they discovered that the whale had settled down deep below the surface of the water, and as it was near sundown, they concluded to give up the pursuit.

"Captain Deblois was at this time standing in the night heads on the larboard bow, with craft in hand, ready to strike the monster a deadly blow should he appear, the ship moving about five knots; when working on the side of the ship, he discovered the whale rushing towards her at the rate of fifteen knots! In an instant, the monster struck the ship with tremendous violence, shaking her from stem to stern! She quivered under the violence of the shock, as if she had struck upon a rock! Captain Deblois immediately descended into the forecastle, and there, to his horror, discovered that the monster had struck the ship about two feet from the keel, abreast the foremast, knocking a great hole entirely through her bottom, through which the water roared and rushed impetuously. Springing to the deck, he ordered the mate to cut away the anchors and get the cables overboard, to keep the ship from sinking, as she had a large quantity of pig iron on board. In doing this, the mate succeeded in relieving only one

anchor and cable clear, the other having been fastened around the foremast. The ship was then sinking rapidly. The Captain went to the cabin, where he found three feet of water; he, however, succeeded in procuring a chronometer, sextant, and chart. Reaching the decks, he ordered the boats to be cleared away, and to get water and provisions, as the ship was keeling over. He again descended to the cabin, but the water was rushing in so rapidly that he could procure nothing. He came upon deck, ordered all hands into the boats, and was the last himself to leave the ship, which he did by throwing himself into the sea and swimming to the nearest boat! The ship was on her beam-ends, her top-gallant yards under water. They then pushed off some distance from the ship, expecting her to sink in a very short time. Upon an examination of the stores they had been able to save, he discovered that they had only twelve quarts of water, and not a mouthful of provisions of any kind! The boats contained eleven men each, were leaky, and night coming on; they were obliged to bail them all night to keep them from sinking!

"Next day, at daylight, they returned to the ship,

no one daring to venture on board but the Captain, their intention being to cut away the masts, and fearful that the moment that the masts were cut away the ship would go down. With a single hatchet, the Captain went on board, cut away the mast, when the ship righted. The boats then came up, and the men, by the sole aid of spades, cut away the chain cable from around the foremast, which got the ship nearly on her keel. The men then tied ropes round their bodies, got into the sea, and cut a hole through the decks to get out provisions. They could procure nothing but about five gallons of vinegar and twenty pounds of wet bread. The ship threatened to sink, and they deemed it imprudent to remain by her any longer, so they set sail in their boats and left her.

"On the 22d of August, at about five o'clock P. M., they had the indescribable joy of discerning a ship in the distance. They made signal, and were soon answered, and in a short time they were reached by the good ship Nantucket, of Nantucket, Mass., Captain Gibbs, who took them all on board, clothed and fed them, and extended to them in every way the greatest possible hospitality."

"If whaling be so useful and indispensable," said Amelia, "the claims of the poor sailors who venture their lives in such an hazardous employment must be very great, and ought not to be overlooked by the community, who are more or less benefitted without risk or trouble."

"Yes," said Gerard, "their claims are indeed very great, and I am glad to tell you that many people are now exerting themselves to bring their claims before the public, and I know an instance of a lady in Massachusetts, who gave a large mansion to be converted into a seamen's home, and by the liberal aid of other citizens, it was soon fitted up for their reception, and I have no doubt that many who are able will follow the example, and that we will soon have homes for the sailors in every sea-port. But we forget that we are expected home somewhat earlier than usual to day, as we have to prepare for our journey to-morrow, as well as to bid our friends farewell."

On their way home, they all expressed their regret that this was the last walk they would enjoy together this summer.

"But you must write, Gerard," said Amelia, "and

send me some extracts from your readings, and I will try by my own reflection to draw some useful lesson from them and when we meet again in the winter, you will be able to tell whether I have found out the hidden truth they contain."

"And you, William," said Sophia, "must do the same for me, as I do not intend to spend my time in making dolls any more, but will read your letters instead."

The boys promised very politely to do so, and probably would have made a fine speech for the compliment passed on them, if time had permitted

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FROM GERARD TO AMELIA.

"I should have attended to your kind request before now, had not my studies prevented me. The interest with which you listened to William's explanation of some of Æsop's sayings, leads me to believe that you will be pleased with the following selections of some of Krummacher's Parables.

"You must not suppose that it is my wish to show you my taste in selecting them, but that you may

become acquainted with the merit of the author, and be instructed as I have been by the deep moral which they convey to the reflective reader."

KRUMMACHER'S PARABLES, ETC.

THE FIRST PARABLE.

THE PRIMITIVE PEOPLE.

In a time of violent persecution, a few families fled with their young children to a distant and uninhabited island on the coast of Asia, to be out of the tyrant's reach. But no sooner had they reached the peaceful shore, when the old people died, and left their young alone in a wild region, far away from the rest of mankind, with no one to guide or instruct them.

In time they grew up into a little community, ignorant of all things around them, and what was much worse, ignorant of themselves. Nevertheless, a tradition was left amongst them that there was an omnipotent being called God.

As they were ignorant of God's laws and his government, they worshipped the stream that ran

through their valley, for they drank of its waters, and refreshed themselves when they were weary

But at times the stream would swell and destroy both man and beast. Then the people trembled, and the old men said; "Our God is angry, let us bring him our best and dearest as a sacrifice, to reconcile him." And a decree went forth that they should bring their first-born as a sacrifice whenever the flood should rise.

On the least appearance of a cloudy or rainy day, the mothers wrung their hands in agony, in fear that before the day was over their beloved ones might be demanded of them. This superstitious devotion cruelly sported with the holiest feelings of nature.

One day after there had been much rain, the river began to rise, the children had already been selected for sacrifice, and mothers were seen with their infant babes in their arms, and eyes streaming with tears when a stranger approached them, and said, "Who has required this horrible sacrifice of you? Why not subdue the stream?" But the people shrank back in horror at these words, and some of them said, "he blasphemes our God.— Away with him into the flood."

But the man had a stringed instrument in his hand and he began to play and to sing, and bent his way toward the mountain and many followed him, for they were charmed by his music. Here he persuaded them to break off stones, and they made an embankment to confine the stream in its course. And when the rain came the waters rose, leaped and roared on their downward way without destruction or injury.

When the people saw it they cried out; "The stranger is God, for he subdues the stream." The old man smiled, and said; "Then are you all Gods for it was by your hands that the work was done. You have been ignorant of the strength hidden in you, until my words awakened you and aroused you to action. Try to know what is within you, and then will you know what God is."

The stranger remained with them, and taught them how to cultivate the soil and many other useful things. Now when they saw how the fields became fruitful from the rain and the dew, they looked upward, and said, "there God must dwell. Let us bring him a sacrifice of our first fruits." Then they built an altar in a high place, and kindled a fire, and burned their finest fruits as a token of their gra

titude. When the smoke rose towards Heaven, the people rejoiced in their simplicity. Thus they remained happy, and their valley continued to bring forth its increase.

But in time the people became restless, and asked the wise man what was the likeness of God.

Then the stranger, not being able to restrain them, took wood and carved it into an image like themselves. And they took the image, placed it in a tent which they built for the purpose, and called it the "House of God." And now they were satisfied, and ceased to make any further inquiries about God and his dwelling place, for they said, "this is our God, and this is his dwelling place." Then they brought food and drink offerings, and placed them before the idol with songs and shouts.

Then the wise man saw his error and he said to them, "let us see whether this image be God or not." Then he took fire and threw it into the tent, and soon the whole was consumed, and the people said "if this was not our God, tell us where he dwells that we may go and seek him and do him homage."

But the stranger said "behold the trees and flowers, how they grow and bloom in silent beauty. You

cannot see the life-giving breath that hovers around them, and quickens them, and all that is on earth both man and beast, by day and night.

"God is not a substance, and therefore he is invisible. Leave off searching after the form and abode of your God, but let your hearts be filled with love to one another, as his is towards all he has created. Then will you be near to God, and God will dwell in you."

In the course of time a wild beast came down from the mountains and devoured many, and the people began to be afraid and hid themselves in their huts, for they said it was the evil spirit who had come down amongst them, whose power they could not resist.

But the wise man prevailed upon them to follow him and to make hunt upon the monster. On their way they passed the house of *Palmi*, who was a proud man and full of envy towards the wise stranger, and he said "why do you follow him? He is in league with the monster, and he takes pleasure in your distress in order that he may govern you with more ease, when your number is diminished." While he was thus deriding the good man with his malicious

tongue, his youngest son had wandered from the house unobserved toward the mountain, and behold a huge lion advanced with open mouth, and fearful roar. The people retreated before the monster, and Palmi and his wife stood in their doorway, wringing their hands in despair. But the wise man observing the danger of the child ran to meet the wild beast, slew him and brought back the trembling child uninjured to the arms of his parents. When the parents saw what the stranger whom they had wronged so much had done for them, they fell upon their faces and cried " we are unworthy to look up to thee or to offer thee thanks."

The people now also returned and would have worshipped the wise man, for they said " that God must dwell in him, otherwise he would not risk his life for the sake of his enemies." Then the wise man said " children, the same spirit that commanded me thus to act, dwelleth in you. Therefore you praised my deed higher than my strength. And brother Palmi is also quickened by the same spirit or he would not lie upon his face weeping and repenting. It is in the child's heart too, who now throws his arms about my neck to show

his love and gratitude. Let your hearts be full of gratitude and truth and God will always be with you."

Then the people said "truly it is neither the image, the temple, nor the name, that is God, but it is the holy spirit that worketh by love."

THE SECOND PARABLE.

THE YOUNG ARTIST AND HIS PICTURE.

A YOUNG artist, after having finished a picture with which even his master could find no fault, entirely abandoned his studies, for all his time was absorbed in contemplating his own work, for he thought that it would be impossible for him to surpass it.

One morning he arose early, intending to feast his eyes with the contemplation of his own skill, but found that the whole painting had been defaced. Full of anger and vexation he ran to his master, to inform him of the outragous and barbarous act. But the master received him mildly and said "it was I who did it, but not with malice. It was for thy own good. However much the picture might have exhibited thy labour and genius, I feared that it would prove thy ruin, for it was not the painting that

claimed thy admiration, but it was thyself in the painting. After all it was not perfect, though it may have appeared so to us. It was merely a study. Take thy pencil and see what thou canst create anew. Do not regret the sacrifice. The great and excellent must dwell in our hearts before we are able to transfer it."

Encouraged by his master's noble words, the youth seized the brush and finished the well known painting "The Sacrifice of Iphigenia." For this youth was no other than Timanthes.

THE THIRD PARABLE.

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER.

A FATHER and his son being on an excursion became separated by a stream. As it was too broad for the boy to jump over, he cut a stick from the bushes that grew along its margin, placed one end into the brook, supported himself with confidence upon the other, and gave himself a powerful swing. But behold! the stick was from an elder bush, and just as the boy was above the middle of the stream his support broke, and he fell and sank beneath the water. A shepherd who from a distance observed the accident came running, out of breath, hoping to rescue the boy from a watery grave. But soon he saw him breasting the waves manfully, and swimming with a laugh to the shore.

Then said the shepherd to the father; "You seem

to have taught your son much, but one thing you have forgotten. That he ought to examine all things before he ventures to lean upon them for support, or succor. If he had examined how hollow his stick was within, this misfortune would not have happened to him."

"Friend," replied the father, "I have sharpened his eye and exercised his strength, and can now leave him to experience. Age will teach him distrust, but in the meantime I fear no danger, for his eye is quick, and his energies disciplined."

THE FOURTH PARABLE.

JUDGE NOT FROM OUTWARD APPEARANCE.

Once a rich man received a visit from a friend of his youth, who had for many years dwelt in a far country. To show respect to his old playmate he made a great feast, and invited many of the great and noble. The stranger complimented his friend on the magnificence of his house and the happiness he enjoyed.

Then the rich man took an apple from a golden vase, which stood by him and gave it to his guest, with these words:—"Is this apple not beautiful and lovely to look at?" The stranger took the fruit, cut it in two, and lo! a worm was gnawing at the heart.

THE FIFTH PARABLE.

AN UNPROFITABLE ARGUMENT.

Two men who had devoted their lives to Natural History met one day at a friend's house, and talking about the character and habits of different animals, were about to congratulate each other upon the agreement in their opinions, when a cat chanced to look in at the door.

This little incident immediately converted their agreement into discord, for one said "I wonder that any one should have such a malicious, ungrateful animal about the house. How fortunate that its strength is not equal to its will, for its disposition resembles that of the tiger."

The other remarked "that he thought that the cat resembled the lion, both in spirit and form. She is

affectionate and cleanly, and on that account hates the troublesome dog. She is the most beneficent of all the domestic animals."

At this remark the first speaker became enraged, for he had a favourite dog at home.

Thus they separated with feelings of hostility to each other. One went to look after his collection of living birds with which the cats had often made too free, and the other to his stuffed birds which the mice had often gnawed, to his vexation.

THE SIXTH PARABLE.

THE TRUSTING ROBIN.

The rigour of the winter brought a robin to the house of a good hearted farmer. He opened his window, the confiding bird entered, and feasted itself upon the crumbs under the table. The children became much attached to the little visitor, and always treated it kindly. When spring came, the farmer opened the window and away flew the little bird, to sport in the neighbouring wood with its former companions.

Now when winter returned the same robin came again, and brought his mate with him. The farmer and his little children were delighted with the confidence which the little creatures showed.

"It seems almost as if they had something to say," cried one of the younger children

"Yes," said the father. "And if they could speak they would say, 'kind treatment awakens confidence and love.'"

THE SEVENTH PARABLE.

THE INNOCENT FANCY OF A CHILD.

It was a serene evening in summer, when a mother sat in the nursery, rocking a lovely babe to sleep. Her little Adelaide came into the chamber with beaming eyes, saying, "Dear mother. Oh! come into the garden, I will show you something very pretty."

"Not now, my child," answered the mother. "I cannot leave your little brother by himself."

"Oh! dear mother," said the little girl, "let us take little brother with us, that he may see the pretty sight."

The mother arose, looked into the cradle, and when she saw her infant in deep slumber, she took the hand of the skipping girl, and allowed herself to be led into the garden by her.

As soon as they reached the open air, her little

daughter pointed to the sky, and exclaimed, "Do you see the flock of little lambs yonder. A whole flock. More than I can count. How beautiful! How lovely! Too lovely for me to enjoy it alone."

The mother lifted up her eyes and contemplated the clouds with admiration. She saw that her child had mistaken the delicate fleeces of white clouds, floating in the moonlight, for young lambs grazing in the meadows.

Thus Adelaide's innocent fancy saw earthly things sporting in the sky above.

THE EIGHTH PARABLE.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Little Charlie came with wild joy out of the garden, and exclaimed, "What a beautiful butterfly I have caught. It sat on a flower, and its wings glistened more brightly than gold and silver. So I walked softly towards it, stretched out my arms and caught it. Now I shall keep it in my chamber, where I shall guard it and feed it well."

Then said his father, "Let me see your little captive, that I may admire it too."

Charlie thrust his hand hastily into his bosom, and pulled out the beautiful butterfly, but behold! the wings of the insect had lost their brilliancy, for his rude grasp had deprived them of their variegated

dust, which had so much attracted him, and they were broken and powerless.

At the sight of this change, the boy threw the poor butterfly down with disgust and said, "How miserably am I deceived.

Then the father asked, "With whom are you displeased. Surely it is not the fault of the delicate creature that it faded at your rude grasp!"

THE NINTH PARABLE.

REPENTANCE

A GARDENER had planted a row of superior fruit trees, which he had procured at a great expense, and when they bore their first fruit he was delighted, to see the reward of his labour.

One night the neighbour's son, a wicked boy, persuaded one of the gardener's children to go with him and rob the young trees, before the fruit was quite ripe.

When on the following morning, the gardener found his young trees much injured and much fruit taken from them, he was grieved, and much troubled, and said "what wicked hands have done me this wrong? Surely they will receive their due punishment some day."

These words went to the heart of the gardener's son, and he ran to his evil companion. "Why have

we done so wickedly? My father is much grieved, and I cannot look into his face, for I know I have done very wrong."

But the other boy being hardened in his wicked ness laughed at him, and said "what need is there. for your father to know who has done it.'

When the time came that the fruit was ripe, the gardener gave some of them to all his children, who were overjoyed with the gift.

But Gotthold, the boy who robbed the trees, hid his face and wept bitterly. When the father asked him the reason, Gotthold replied :—"I am unworthy of your kindness father, for it was I who robbed your garden; punish me for I deserve it. I was misled by our neighbour's son."

His father took him up and pressed him to his heart, and said "I forgive you my child! may this be the last time that you need to conceal from your father, and then I shall not be troubled about the trees."

THE TENTH PARABLE.

THE SPIDER.

A CHILD went with his father in the vineyard, and there he saw a bee in the net, and an ugly spider. The spider was just opening his fangs to attack the bee, when the child took his stick, broke the web, and set the little prisoner free.

When the father saw this, he asked the boy, "How he could be so regardless of the toilsome and beautiful web, which the spider had prepared with so much ingenuity."

And the child replied:—"Has the spider not directed all her ingenuity to blood and malice; whilst the bee collects honey and wax, from which man derives much benefit and pleasure."

But said the father; "perhaps you have done the spider injustice; for see how her web protects the

grapes from flies and wasps, who otherwise would do much mischief."

"Ah!" said the boy:—"It is not with the intent to shield the grapes, but to satisfy his thirst for blood that the spider labours with so much dexterity."

"True," said the father, "probably the spider has little reason to be concerned about the grapes."

"Then," said the boy, "the good the spider does is of no avail to his spiteful character; for a good intention is certainly the only merit in a good deed."

"True," said the father, "but nature you see knows how to apply even malicious things for the preservation of the good and useful."

"And why" asked the boy, "why does the spider not work his web in social union, like the bees, who live together with so much comfort and happiness?"

"Dear child," said the father, "only for good ends can multitudes associate. The bond of malice and selfishness carries the seed of destruction within itself; but nature has placed the hostile and the friendly, the malicious and the good, side by side, so that the contrast might be the greater, and thus convey a lesson to those who are willing to learn."

THE ELEVENTH PARABLE

A TYPE ON EARTH.

When Adam, the first father of the human race, had to leave the lovely Garden of Eden, he mourned many long days, and he said to Eve; "What will now be our way upon earth, and who will guide us?" Then they went to the Cherub with the flaming sword, that guarded Eden, and said, weepingly, "Alas! the inhabitants of heaven will no longer walk with us as they did when we were in Eden, and before we had sinned. "Oh! servant of the Most High, wilt thou intercede for us that the everlasting Father of truth and light would send down an angel or star to guide us in the right path."

Then the earnest Cherub answered; "Man has a star within himself which exalts him, though fallen, above stars and suns which revolve in the firmament. Follow that star!"

But Adam wept anew, and said, "Oh, thou favoured servant of Jehovah, give us a symbol, on which we may look, and which we may follow, so we may not again fail in our course. For once enticed from good, our eyes and ears are easily closed against the light, and the still voice of the inner man.

Then the thoughtful Cherub thus spake to Adam, "When the Eternal formed thee out of the dust, and the beams of the morning light breathed into thee the breath of life, then thou lifted up thy manly head towards heaven, and thy first look was upon the sun. Well, then, let that be the type of thy course! See with what joyful aspect he enters upon his high career when he begins his daily work. He strays neither to the right nor to the left, but goes on his way, shedding light and bliss. He smiles on the storm raging under his feet, and he comes forth with more splendor and glory from beneath the clouds that had enveloped him. Grave man, let this be thy type of thy course on earth!" So spake the Cherub, and the son of the dust bowed before him and was silent.

Then Eve also came and wept, and the Cherub pitied the woman, and said with a smiling aspect,

"When the Creator of all good formed thee, and breathed into thy bosom the breath of life in the twilight of the evening, then thou didst not dare to look up, but thine eyes rested on the plants and flowers of Eden, and on the bubbling fountain which flowed near thee. So let thy work be like the quiet goings of motherly earth! She wends her peaceful way on, without noise and dazzling splendor."

Still and unobserved she brings forth her plants, trees, fountains, and rivulets. Gently and unnoticed, she cherishes and nurses on her bosom her children to blooming fruit, and her own creations are her ornament! Gentle woman let this be the type of thy course on earth. Eve threw herself on her face and wept.

THE TWELFTH PARABLE.

THE SEVEN CHILDREN.

Early in the morning, soon after sun-rise, a pious father and mother entered the chamber, where their little children, seven in number, lay fast asleep.

The bright morning sun shone through the window, and added beauty to the rosy cheeks of the little sleepers.

But the mother sighed deeply and wept, for there was a scarcity in the land.

When the father perceived her sorrow, he said, "Mother why weepest thou? Seest thou not the messenger of his love, the glorious sun, smiling on our little ones, and will He who has given them life will he not also send food. Shall we not have the same confidence in our heavenly Father which these our children have in us?

When he had thus spoken he led her gently into the garden and said, "Behold how cheerfully the sun has began his daily work! Let us do likewise."

And they worked daily till the going down of the sun; and the Lord their God blessed their labours, and they and their children had enough, and to spare for those who were in want. For faith and love gave them strength and courage.

FROM WILLIAM TO SOPHIA.

"Dear Sister

"Gerard has told me that he has sent to Amelia some parables of Krummacher, which he has selected. To show that I have not forgotten my promise to you, I send you a selection from my exercises, in hopes that you will find some pleasure and profit in reading them, for I think that some of them are full of truth and wisdom. But pray do not criticise my first effort too severely, for some of them I have transcribed from memory; however, I shall be very happy for you to compare them with the original, and note all which you may think wrong, and when we meet next Christmas, I shall have great pleasure in listening to all your remarks.

P. S. As you are acquainted with the English language, allow me to recommend to you Dr. Hedge's "Prose Writers of Germany," published in Philadelphia. It is a book well worth reading.

THE VALUE OF SYMPATHY.

The world, with its hills and dales, and forests and rivers, and crowded cities, would be a void space, unless we knew of some human being who walks with us through our earthly pilgrimage, both in thought and sympathy.—Goethe.

THE WISH GRATIFIED.

The angel who watches over the flowers, and sprinkles the dew-drops in the stillness of the night, sat down, one warm spring day, near a rose-bush. "Oh lovely child," said the angel to the rose-bush, "I feel the mild influence of thy sweet and refreshing fragrance. If thou hast any wish in thy breast, gladly would I grant it thee."

"Then adorn me with a new charm," said the spirit of the rose-bush, "that I may be more attractive."

And the angel decorated the queen of the flowers with the simple moss.—Krummacher.

THE EARLY VIOLET.

At the first warm beams of the sun in March, a tender violet peeped out from beneath its friendly shelter to rejoice at its newly budding life. But the snow had not forsaken the mountain tops, and the shady nooks of the valleys, and as the sun declined the evening wind blew cold over the fields. Then the violet shuddered and shrank together, and said, "Oh, why must I die so soon, just when I hoped to live."

But the invisible spirit of the flowers answered, "Why didst thou, so tender and young, expose thyself to the rude blasts, for which thou wert never intended. A delicate creature must perish in frost, and snow, and storm. But I will put thy head at night again into thy mothers lap, where thy sisters are still slumbering in peace, and there thou shalt remain until the storms are past, when thou mayest return to life and light.—Schreiber.

THE GUIDING STARS.

It was a cold, cloudy night, when old Herman and his son crossed over the moors. They had been travelling the whole day, and rejoiced at the prospect of soon reaching their home, but the clouds were so thick that not a ray of light fell upon their path.

The old man who had often trod the same road, never doubted that he could find his way, when suddenly he cried out, "My son we have lost our path, for we are near a wood which is strange to me, and must be far from our home."

The boy seized his father's hand with a palpitating heart, for he dreaded the idea of staying all night upon the moor. While they consulted together, a strong easterly wind blew across the wide plain, scattering the clouds, and the bright stars became visible. "Thank God," cried Herman, "now we shall find our way easily enough."

"How so?" asked the boy in surprise.

"Do you not see Sirius?" replied the Father.

"What of that?" answered the boy.

"At this season of the year," said the old man, "he stands directly over our village, and if we keep to the right, we shall reach our home this very night."

With surprise, the youth said, "Who would have thought that we should find our way upon the earth by looking up to the stars?"

The father answered, "The stars in dark nights are indispensable to the traveller. They guide him in his path, and enable him to find it when he has wandered from it. I will teach you the courses of these lights, so that they may be your guide when I am called hence. And soon I will show you other stars. You cannot see them with your bodily eyes, but I will show them to you in the spirit, and they will guide you to your heavenly home."

Thus the two conversed together on their way, and before the midnight hour had passed, they stood before their own door.—NONNE.

THE NEW YEAR'S OF AN UNHAPPY MAN.

An old man stood on a New Year's eve at his window, and cast a look of despair at the clear sky above; he looked upon the cold white earth, where no creature seemed so friendless and forsaken as he.

For he was on the brink of the grave, covered not by the verdure of youth, but by the snows of age, and he could recal nothing of his past life but error, sin, and sickness; a body broken down with disease, an impoverished soul, a breast full of trouble, and an age full of remorse.

His youthful days stood before him as spectres and brought to his recollection that glorious morning when his father placed him at two parting roads, the one to the right leading to a life of pleasantness, sunshine, virtue, and peace, where angels walk; the one to the left, to the dark gates of destruction, full of serpents and of frightful aspect. The serpents

hung around his breast, ready to dart upon him with their poisonous fangs, reminding him of the way he had chosen.

With inexpressible grief, of which no happy mortal can conceive, he cried to heaven "Give me back my youthful days. Oh! father place me again at the parting of the ways, and see which I will take now."

But his father and his youthful days had vanished long since. He saw nothing but the *ignis fatuus* of the marshes dancing in the grave-yard, appearing and disappearing. "Alas! cried he, "these are my days of folly!" He saw the stars drop from heaven, glitter in their descent, and vanish on the earth. "They resemble me," said he, with a bleeding heart, and the serpents of remorse plunged deep into his heart. His sickly imagination showed him prowling goblins upon the roofs of the houses, and the wing of a windmill ready to strike him down, and a masked figure left in the empty charnel house assumed his own likeness.

In the midst of his agony, music suddenly broke upon his ears from the neighbouring tower, greeting the new year. His mind became calmer, and he

looked around the horizon and the distant earth; he thought upon the friends of his youth, who were now happy fathers of joyful children, and teachers, blessing mankind by their daily toil.

"Ah!" cried the miserable man, "I might now enjoy this new year's night like them, had I chosen the same path, and fulfilled my destiny as a man."

In the feverish reminiscences of his youth, it appeared to him as if the mask which had been left in the charnel house, was changed into that of a living youth. He could no more look up; floods of burning tears dimmed his eyes, rolled down his cheeks, and were lost in the snow. "Oh!" sighed he in despair, "youthful days! could you but return to me!" how differently would I act!

And they did return. For it was only a fearful dream. He was still a youth. But his choice of the fearful way was no dream, for he had chosen the road to the left, and he thanked God that there was yet time for him to retrace his steps. —Richter.

THE ECHO.

"Hop! hop!" shouted little Harry with glee, as he was sporting in his father's meadow near the wood-side.

"Hop! hop!" resounded the forest.

"Who's there?" asked Harry with surprise; for he had never heard of an echo.

"Who's there?" was the echo.

"You blockhead!" cried Harry at the top of his voice.

"You blockhead!" was the reply.

At this Harry called out many ugly names and the forest faithfully repeated them all.

Now when Harry could not see who it was that was speaking in the wood, he ran home to his mother, complaining that a boy hid in the forest had used very bad words to him.

"Ah," said his mother, "this time Harry you are your own accuser. For you have heard nothing but the echo of your own words. Had you used kind and becoming words, the forest would have repeated the same."

The treatment we receive from our neighbours is generally the reflection of our own behaviour.

THE WOLF ON HIS DEATH-BED.

A WOLF lay at his last gasp, and was reviewing his past life. "It is true, said he, I am a sinner, but yet I hope none of the greatest. I have done evil, but I have also done good. Once I remember, a bleating lamb, that had strayed from the flock, came so near my dwelling place, that I might easily have caught it: but I let it pass by without molesting it, though I had nothing to fear from protecting dogs."

"And I can testify to all that," said his friend the FOX, who was with the wolf in his dying hours. "I remember perfectly the whole circumstance. It was just at the time when a leg of a sheep was in thy throat, and almost choked thee to death.—LESSING.

THE APE AND THE FOX.

Name to me an animal, however skilful, whom I could not imitate! So boasted the ape to the fox. But the fox replied, "and do thou name to me an animal so silly as to think of imitating thee!"

Lessing.

THE EAGLE AND THE FOX.

"Be not so proud of thy flight!" said the fox to eagle. "Thou flyest high in the air for no other purpose but to be better able to look about for carrion." So there are men who study not from the love of truth, but for the gold it may bring them.

Lessing.

THE VIOLET.

Little Maria walked into the country with her parents on a spring morning.

"Mother," said the child, "Why are violets loved and praised so much?"

The mother replied; "they are the first gift of spring, after the cold winter. We enjoy the good and the beautiful most, when we have long been deprived of them."

"And it is received with so much more gratitude," said the father, "because spring presents the flower quickly, and so early. Whoever does good promptly, shows that he does it cheerfully, and multiplies thanks and heightens the joy."

"Is not the violet also called the flower of modesty," asked Maria.

"It well deserves the name," said her mother.

For it grows in retirement, low down amid the bushes, and yet blooms as beautifully, and smells as fragrant as any of the other flowers."

"And we value it, and seek after it no less," said the father, "and rejoice when we find it."

"It is lovely too," exclaimed Maria; "that nature presents the modest, beautiful flower so early!"

"That is to show us," said the mother smiling, "that the beautiful and good must bloom early in them, in order to bear wholesome fruit afterwards."

Now on the way, under the thorns, Maria found a full-blown violet. But a large dew-drop stood in the blue cup of the flower, and by its weight, bent it to the ground.

The little girl stood looking at the flower, and said, "The heavy drop will break the violet, and sink it to the earth."

"Oh no, Maria," answered the mother, "the brilliant drop glitters, indeed, in the lovely cup like a pearl; but the sun will soon evaporate it, and then the violet will lift itself, blooming more beautifully, and diffusing more fragrance."

"It grows too," said the father, "under the thorns, but they do not shade it too much: they defend the

delicate flower from the cold breeze of night and from the stormy wind. For it is a foster child of celestial love."

Then Maria looked at the flower, and said, "Then I will not pluck it, until it is strengthened by the dew-drop, and rises up."

"How easily," said the mother, "simplicity and love believe in the heavenly."

"Because they themselves are heavenly," said the father.—KRUMMACHER.

PRAYER.

The beautiful and lovely Cornelia had watched at her mother's bedside for more than a week, for her mother lay ill, and delirious from fever.

Many a silent tear the affectionate child had shed, and many a prayer she sent up to heaven, for her mother's recovery was doubtful.

But on the eve of the ninth day, the long wished for slumber came, and her mother revived. Cornelia, full of hope and anxiety, sat all night at her mother's bed till the dawn of the morning, when her parent opened her eyes and said, "Surely I shall recover! for I feel much better."

Full of joy, Cornelia gave her mother some nourishment and she slept again. Then she gently opened the chamber door, and walked into the garden.

The sun was just casting his first rays on the earth, and Cornelia's face beamed with gratitude as she thought on the renewed life of her mother. She knelt upon the grass, bowed her face to the earth, and mingled her tears with the dew of heaven.

Then she returned to her mother's chamber, with a face more lovely than before, for she had communed with God.

THE CHILD'S HYMN.

He sendeth sun, he sendeth showers,
And both are needful for the flowers;
So joy and grief alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me, or cloud, or sun,
Father! thy will not mine be done!

Can loving children e'er reprove,
With murmurs those they trust and love?
Creator! I will ever be
A trusting, loving, child to thee,
As comes to me, or cloud, or sun,
Father! thy will not mine be done!

Oh! ne'er will I at life repine,
Enough that thou hast made it mine;
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing with parting breath,
As comes to me, or cloud, or sun,
Father! thy will not mine be done!

THE END.